

## The second part of

*Boy* The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging flauie! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

*Dol.* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou horson little tydec Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol.* They say Poynes has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoutes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinks off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iurpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and swears with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breedes no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that shew a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out line performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll.

*Prince*

Henry

*Prince* Saturne and Venus saies th' Almanacke to that

*Poynes* And look whether lipping to his master, old talper?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue

*Dol.* By my troth I kisse

*Falst.* I am old, I am old

*Dol.* I loue thee better than them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt thou haue a thursday, that haue a cap growes late, weele to bed,

*Dol.* By my troth thou art proue that euer I dresse me hearken a th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke France

*Prince, Poynes* Anon a

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard for Poynes his brother?

*Prince* Why thou glodost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thy drawer.

*Prince* Very true sir, I care.

*Hofst.* O the Lord pre to London, now the Lord Iesu, are you come from

*Falst.* Thou horson light, flesh, and corrupt

*Doll* How? you fat for

*Poynes* Mylorde, he and turne all to a merime

*Prince* You horson c speake of me now, before woman?